

## **THE ALPHA'S MYSTERIOUS MATE ( THE FATE SERIES BOOK 1)**

### **Chapter 70: Public Humiliation On The Beach**

Serena's POV:

The weekend had arrived, and all the freshmen in my university headed to the seaside for the annual party.

I couldn't even remember the last time I had been to the seaside.

Thinking of the sunshine, the beach, and the coconut trees, I was actually looking forward to this event.

However, I heard that Brandon was going to be the chaperone for our group, which irritated me greatly.

"No big deal, Serena. We can protect ourselves now," Molly comforted me.

She was right.

I used to be afraid of Brandon, but now I didn't think I would have a problem dealing with him anymore.

Once we got ourselves checked in and dropped off our luggage in our hotel rooms, we immediately came out to the beach.

The sun was shining, but the weather was not too hot.

It felt like a perfect day.

Before going out in the sun, I made sure to put on some sunscreen for protection.

"Why don't we continue our volleyball practice right here on the beach? Everyone, go get changed and I'll meet you back here,"

Brandon said to the class.

In order to play beach volleyball more comfortably, we all needed to change into some sporty swimwear.

I glanced at my classmates and saw that some of them already had on their swimsuits, only wearing cover-ups that could be easily removed.

They were able to change quickly.

Camille wore a green swimsuit that accented her long legs.

She was staying under a sunshade.

I noticed that Nicolas had also changed into a pair of swimming trunks, along with the other boys in the class.

My eyes couldn't help but gaze at his well-defined abs, and even at the bulge that sat inside his trunks.

Damn it! Why was I staring at him so much? I shook my head again and convinced myself that my curiosity for Nicolas was only because I couldn't read his mind.

He was a mystery to me, which made me want to know more about him.

I could tell that he was enthusiastically curious about me, too.

Being fascinated with a guy like Nicolas was inevitable.

After all, he was handsome, well-built and seemed to be well educated.

I then realized I needed to change my clothes.

Looking around, I spotted some changing tents in the distance, where my other classmates had gone to change as well.

"Go ahead and change, Serena. We'll guard the door for you,"  
one of my she-wolf classmates said.

She had just come out of the tent and held her clothes in her arm.

I felt that she was being strangely nice to me, as we never usually talked.

I shrugged my doubts off and walked into the tent.

After a moment's hesitation, I went ahead and slipped off my skirt and underwear to change into my swimming trunks.

When I unclasped my bra and took it off to put on my swimming top, I heard a rustling sound from behind.

In one swift motion, the tent had disappeared over my head! Many girls surrounded me with mocking smiles on their faces.

They even held up their phone cameras to me.

The sound of phone shutters going off filled my ears.

They were taking pictures of me! My breasts were still exposed.

It was too late to put my bra back on, so I resorted to covering my chest with whatever clothing I could grab.

My backside was completely bare.

Everyone around me laughed.

My blood was starting to boil.

I wanted to teach these women a lesson so bad.

If only I could use my powers.

I saw Brandon from afar jogging in my direction, holding a robe in his hand.

Was he coming here to bring that to me? Even though that guy was a jerk, I would still be grateful if he did that for me.

"Hey, what are you doing? Stop that!"

I then heard someone else shouting. It was Nicolas.

He quickly ran up to me and covered me with a bath towel. Because Nicolas got to me before Brandon, the latter had no choice but to give up.

Natalie also came out from the other tent and covered me in her embrace.

"Delete those photos. Now!" Nicolas said to the girls angrily.

"Oh, but it's just for fun. No big deal!"

"Yeah, it was just a joke. Don't be such a buzzkill."

"I can't wait to send this to my boyfriend, ha!" Tears couldn't help but form in my eyes.

What did I ever do to these girls? Why would they do this to me? Nicolas continued to go around asking the other girls to delete the photos.

I owed Nicolas a big one. He was a good guy.

Natalie accompanied me to an actual bathroom which was a little further away, but at least I could change my clothes safely.

Once I felt better, we headed back to the beach.

"Don't worry about it anymore, Serena. I asked all of the girls to delete the photos in front of me. Hopefully, none of them will make it online," Nicolas came over and comforted me.

"Thanks, Nicolas." I handed him his towel back with gratitude.

Whoever was behind this prank, I was going to find out and teach her a lesson.

I switched on my mind reading powers to find out who this culprit was.

All of a sudden, I found that my powers didn't work on anyone at all.

I couldn't read Brandon nor Camille.

Even with the other girls, I couldn't seem to hear their thoughts.

"I'm sorry, Serena, but that was an accident. One of the ropes had come loose and caused the tent to fold up," Brandon explained.

An accident? Did he think I would seriously believe that? There were people outside waiting for the tent to fold, ready with their cameras.

That alone was enough to prove that it was no accident.

Here was Brandon, lying to my face.

That only told me that Brandon must have been in on this trick, too.

"Please, that wasn't an accident at all. I'll find out who was behind this soon," I said with a cold glare.

I was fortunate enough that Nicolas came just in time to draw the crowd away and tell them off.

He seemed to care for me a great deal.

I then thought that I could get back at those bitches by deliberately flirting with Nicolas.

Of course, Brandon was absolutely jealous.

Those bitches who had eyes for Nicolas surely were affected, too.

Nicolas' POV:

Secretly, I had been observing everyone.

Immediately, I noticed that Camille and the rest of the girls in the class were hostile to Serena. It was probably my fault for treating her too nicely in front of them.

After all, I was quite popular in school.

Since I knew Serena possessed the power to read minds, I blocked it from me and everyone else, or at least whoever was close in proximity to me.

Whenever I was around, I made sure that Serena could not read my thoughts or anyone else's.

When Serena walked inside the tent, I saw everyone wink at each other as they gathered around.

The moment that they held up their phones to the tent, I knew that something was afoot.

Camille and the girls had planned something.

Brandon's actions also felt strange to me.

He had already been holding a robe in his hand, ready to be Serena's hero.

As I expected, it was Camille who gave the signal to untie the rope of the tent.

Once the rope came loose, the tent automatically folded in by itself instantaneously.

Serena was caught in the middle of changing her clothes, stunned and petrified for a few seconds.

The sound of the shutters going off had jolted her back to reality and made her realize what was going on.

I figured this would be a good opportunity for me.

Brandon wanted him to be Serena's hero today, but I wasn't going to let that happen.

I picked up my bath towel, ran over to Serena, and covered her.

Then, I turned around to the crowd and asked them one by one to delete the photos in front of me.

Hopefully, they truly deleted all the photos they took of her.

The rest of the day, I made sure to give Serena a good time, which obviously piqued the jealousy of the other girls.

Serena didn't look too affected by the attention that much.

After playing beach volleyball, we were given free time.

I had brought a surfboard with me and stood up to catch some waves.

I was quite a good surfer.

After riding some big waves and swimming back to shore, a lot of people clapped for me.

"Nicolas, I want to try surfing. Teach me,"

Serena said as she ran over to me.

"Well, have you ever tried skateboarding?"

"I think I learned before."

"Good, that should be enough to help you start. You'll be able to pick up surfing quickly."

Serena and I waded into the water and I began to teach her the basics.

The girls who were watching us were so envious and stomped their feet in the sand.

I knew then that Serena had definitely made a few enemies for herself.

With my careful and patient guidance, Serena was able to hold herself down on some small waves. It wasn't until noon time that we had swam back to shore.

"I'm hungry now. Let's go, Nicolas. I'll treat you to some lobsters."

Serena excitedly led the way, happy that she had learned to surf today.